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THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

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ALL ARE BUILDERS.

All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of Time,
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see every where.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing on these walls of Time—
Broken stairways where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To these turrets where the eye
Sees the whirls as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

LONG AGO.

As through the poplar's gusty spire
The March wind sweeps and sings,
I sit beside the hollow fire,
And dream familiar things;
Old memories wake, faint echoes make
A murmur of dead Springs.

Ah, days when life had aim and meaning,
What buried years ago!
When friend—no shadow intervening—
Was friend, and foe was foe;
When life had youth, and love had truth,
And heart had faith to show.

Somewhere now woods are green and tender;
Somewhere hedgerows are filled
With buds; somewhere, if winds befriend her
The thrush begins to build;
Somewhere no fears has Spring, no tears
For hopes that March has killed.

Sing, thrush, your songs of praise and passion;
Fill all the budding wood
With music of that bygone fashion
My youth so understood!
Now I am old, the world's grown cold,
And God alone is good.

SCANDAL.

A STORY FOR SUSPICIOUS PEOPLE.

A lady purchased a home in a beautiful village, about forty miles from a well known city. She longed for fresh air and quiet scenes, and doubtless she would have found all the happiness which she sought in this pleasant retreat, had not the place been haunted by that terrible spectre—SCANDAL.

"Have you seen the new arrival?" asked Mrs. Thomas of her neighbor, Mrs. Lawrence, about a week after the stranger took possession of Maple Cottage, as the little place she purchased was called.

A curl of the lip and shrug of the shoulders was all the reply made by Mrs. Lawrence; but in the gesture Mrs. Thomas saw, or thought she saw, a sufficient reason for shunning the acquaintance of the stranger.

Had Mrs. Lawrence, who was a great stickler for aristocratic society, answered the question in words; had she expressed her real opinion of her new neighbor in tangible form, no very good results would have occurred, for she would have said, "Yes, I have seen her; she had on a cheap delaine dress, and I hear she does her own washing;" no very serious charges, but, according to Mrs. Lawrence's ideas of "good society," quite sufficient to deprive her of all claim to the title of "lady"—hence her curled lip and shrug of disgust.

Mrs. Thomas, who was very jealous and suspicious, translated this sign language in her own way. Being extremely sensitive as to what Mrs. Grundy should say, she was always on the watch, lest accidentally she should be seen speaking to persons of low character; therefore, she caught at this straw, and turned it over in her mind until she made out a serious case for the stranger.

"I have no doubt," she said to her husband at night, "that she had a bad reputation in the city. She has come here dressed in deep mouruing, but who knows that she ever had a husband? And if she had, her wearing black is no sign he's dead, in my opinion," and Mrs. Thomas drew her mouth into a sanctimonious expression—a look which always indicates the pharisaical "I am better than thou!"

The next day quite a crowd had gathered in the store of Mr. Thomas, waiting for the mail, which was due about this hour. The stranger came in to make some trifling purchases, and was stared at by the people, as strangers always are.

After she left the store, some remarks were made concerning her lady like appearance. Mr. Thomas immediately rejoined, "Yes, she appears enough like a lady, but my wife thinks her reputation none of the best." Customers coming in, nothing more was said at the time, but the fire of scandal was kindled—the story spread rapidly, each one telling it in his own way, until there was not a family in the place but heard and believed the lying rumor.

Weeks passed on, and the inmate of Maple Cottage felt that, for some reason, she was looked upon with suspicion and dislike. There was no hostility, nothing said or done for which she could demand an explanation. She tried to remember some act or word which could have given offense; but in vain did she call to mind every word she had ever spoken to the villagers—she could remember nothing in her conduct to warrant such neglect, and she could only suffer in silence.

Every day seemed to increase the avoidance of her neighbors; and she seeing this, ceased to make overtures toward an acquaintance with them—sending to the city for household supplies, and never came in contact with any of them, save at church; and even there she found a whole sent at her disposal.

At last the storm, which had so long darkened the village horizon, seemed about to burst over her head. There were low threats of driving her out from the place, and the mob spirit seemed to be gathering strength.—About this time, some three months after the stranger came to Maple Cottage, a very handsome traveling carriage, drawn by a span of noble grays, stopped in front of her dwelling, a fine looking man, apparently about fifty years of age, with his wife and two children, were seen to slight and enter the house. All that day and through the evening, there was heard the sound of happy voices, and from the piano rang out merry strains, mingling with the ripplings of joyous hearts.

The next day was Sunday, but this time the widow did not sit alone.—Strange looks and low-murmured words ran through the congregation, and the minister seemed to share the surprise of his audience, and looked as though under painful embarrassment. He recognized in the stranger a minister whose reputation was world-wide—no other than the rich and distinguished President of ——— College, from which he was a graduate.

Prof. C. remembered his former pupil, but it must be confessed he was both surprised and disappointed. He had given the young man credit for individual talent, but this sermon was a repetition of poor platitudes, and a truckling to public opinion, which showed a weak and little mind.

After service, the president stopped a moment till the preacher came forward, and when the greetings were over, he said kindly, "My sister wrote me that Richard Forbes was preaching here, but I did not connect the name with the memory of my former pupil."

"Your sister?" said the embarrassed young man. "I was not aware that I ever had the honor of preaching before such a hearer. You do not mean to say that the woman with whom you entered is your sister!"

"And why not?" It is now Prof. C.'s turn to look surprised.

Sure enough, why not? What did he know against the woman of whom all had been "speaking evil" for the last three months. He had taken these cruel surmises for granted, and had been so far influenced by the scandal that he had failed to call upon the stranger. A sense of the impropriety and guilt of his conduct rushed across his mind. Suppose the woman was really the disgraced and guilty being that public opinion—the public opinion of the village—claimed, was it not his duty to save sinners? Christ came "not to call the righteous but *sinners* to repentance!" How had he fulfilled his mission? And yet he stood in his pulpit and claimed to be a follower of the meek and lowly Savior!

"There is something about this matter that I cannot understand," said Prof. C., as he scanned the changing countenance of the young preacher. "You do not mean to say that my sister has been a resident of your place and listener to your preaching for three months without your calling upon her? The duties of a preacher are surely better defined—"

"But I did not dare"—and here the poor man stammered and stopped; for he could not excuse himself, without exposing the gossip of the congregation.

"Did not dare to call on my sister, the widow of General Finch!" And a tinge of contempt mingled with the look of surprise and indignation with which he contemplated the abashed and crest-fallen young preacher.

After reaching his sister's residence, he questioned her in regard to the matter; but here he was again baffled. She could only tell him that, since her residence in the place, she had been "let alone" in the full sense of the term. Determined to understand the wherefore of such a proceeding he again demanded an explanation of the minister, who was finally compelled to admit that he had supposed, from the gossip of his church members that the woman was a very outcast from society, and that there had been talk of driving her from the place.

"She will not care to remain," said the professor; "but before she goes, I will sift this matter thoroughly."—And so he did, gathering up, link by link, the whole chain of scandal, until he came to Mrs. Lawrence. But this the latter utterly denied, and Mrs. Thomas was at last obliged to confess that Mrs. Lawrence merely shrugged her shoulders and curled her lip, when asked her opinion of her new neighbor.

"Ah, indeed!" was Mrs. Lawrence's rejoinder; "I remember of thinking she could not be much of a lady, as she wore a faded delaine and did her own washing."

And there the matter rested. Mrs. Lawrence, with a look and shrug of her shoulders, and Mrs. Thomas, by jealous surmises, had caused sorrow and pain to an innocent person—they had, in fact, stolen the good name of one who had never injured them; and but for the timely appearance of her brother, the consequences might have been still more serious.

The professor preached the following Sunday, and at the conclusion of his discourse he repeated the tale of wrong, adding: "Had this woman really been poor and friendless, as supposed, what would the end have been? Deprived of her good name, and, in consequence, of all means of earning a livelihood, she would doubtless have become discouraged and despondent, and sank down to the grave, a victim of the scandal of those falsely calling themselves *Christians*; and you, in the sight of God, would not only have been classed among liars, but murderers."

"MANHOOD SUFFRAGE."

Scenes at a Tennessee Polling Place.

St. Clair, a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, writing from Jasper, Tenn., Nov. 6, gives the following picture of the way loyalty is maintained at the South:

Yonder comes an old, gray-headed white man—in politics; he goes under the genuine name of rebel, for he sympathized with the South in her futile struggle. He approaches a little crowd of disfranchised, and is saluted with—"Well, Uncle Billy, how are you going to vote?" This interrogatory was a "goak," for every one knew that the old man couldn't vote; but he answers:

"Oh, of course I can't vote at all; but if I could put one in for Grant, I would, sure. We want peace. Grant is a good man, and as good a Democrat as I want, and he will be elected. People have confidence in him. The Radicals have disfranchised me, but if I could I would vote for their man."

Here comes an ex-Federal soldier, looking mad enough to fight the war over again. To the question, "What's the matter; you look angry?" he replies:

"Matter enough. I can't get a certificate to vote. I've been trying for a week."

"But you are an honorably discharged Union soldier, and entitled to one by the law."

"Yes, very true; the law allows me one, but the commissioner won't. Like a fool, I went and told some of my friends that I was going to vote for Seymour, and he has found it out, and now, he won't give me a certificate.—He says he ain't bound to give certificates, only on quarterly court days.—But, just look at them negroes coming out of his office with their ballots in one hand and certificates in the other. If I would vote as they do, of course I could get one."

"Won't any of the negroes vote for Seymour?"

"No, not one. An old darkey who lives up the country said he would, but I see him now with a crowd of Radicals, and it's a gone case."

An ex-rebel soldier is observed going out of town—"Hallo! ain't you going to stay and vote?"

"No, I guess I won't vote to-day." No wonder, for he has not the white piece of paper needful.

Here comes a burly "American citizen, of African descent."

"Well, uncle, ain't you going to vote for Colfax?"

"Colfax! No, I aint, I'se going to vote for Grant. 'Spose I'd vote for Colfax agin Grant. No, sir, I votes for Grant every time: I don't know nothing 'bout old Colfax."

"I'll give yu a suit of clothes if you will vote for Colfax."

"No, I won't vote for him for forty suits. I've said all the time that I would vote for Grant, and you can't get me to vote for old Colfax," and the stubborn gentleman walks off, evidently under the impression that an attempt to get him to vote the rebel ticket has failed. An hour after he voted for "old Colfax."

At precisely ten o'clock the polls open, and the voting commences. The officers, judge and clerks are all Radicals, for the Commissioner of Registration appoints them, and he sees to it that no one but an "out-and-outer" has anything to do with the election.

A negro comes in who has never voted before. He puts his hat under his arm, and acts timid and confused. One of the judges motions him up, and hands him a ballot. He takes it with a nervous grasp, and looks aronnd as if he did not know what to do with it.

"Hand it to that man there," says one of the judges, and the voter does so, without ever looking at it, and walks out. Had it been a comic song, or the Sermon on the Mount, it would have been all the same to him.

A very dark-looking white man comes up, and wants to know if he is black enough to vote. "Not quite," say the judges, and the black white man laughs, and walks out.

A young colored man, who probably never exercised the right of suffrage before, walks up, and asks for a "paper." A ballot is handed him, and he is told to give it to the man with the cigar-box. He hands it to the officer "with the cigar-box," who proclaims: "*Will Smith—voted.*"

"What did you say, sir?" said Will.

"Oh, I just told the clerk your name; you can go now."

Out yonder is a group of two—a disfranchised white man and an enfranchised black man. The white man is trying to get his African brother to vote for Seymour. Listen:

"You know the rebels are just as good friends as you have got; now come"——

"No, thar ain't no use talking. I ain't going to vote for old Stillmore, and have my name sent up to Washington City in everlasting disgracement. I votes for Mr. Grant every time."

The white man goes off in quest of softer material, and the black man goes to the polls and votes for "Mr. Grant."

Says an ex-rebel captain to me:—"Do you see that black boy over there? He was raised by me, and is one of the best servants I ever had.—He was in the war with me from first to last, and accompanied me home after the surrender. Many times when our regiment would go into battle, he would take a gun and go along by my side. But lately he got into the league, and now votes the straight Jacobin ticket. I asked him if he wanted to go to the election to-day; he said that he did, and I told him to come. I have never said a word to him as to how he intended to vote.—Two other negroes on my place said they didn't want to come and could make it pay better by staying at home. I told them that they were sensible, and that's all I have ever said about politics to any of the negroes upon my place. I would not influence their vote if I could."

Here comes a crowd of newly enfranchised from the commissioner's office. Each one holds a ballot in one hand and a certificate in the other, so as not to get them mixed. Let's follow them up and see if any there be who will vote for Seymour. No, they all seem to have Grant ballots. They walk up to the ballot-box and hand in their ballots one by one. There!—That tall black man is going to vote the Democratic ticket; he stuffs the Grant ticket in his pocket, and hands a closely-folded piece of paper to the officer, and into the ballot-box it goes.

"Why, Bill, you voted your certificate," says one of the crowd.

"No, here's my 'stificate," says Bill, pulling the ballot out of his pocket.

"No, that's your ticket," says the officer, who puts his long, slender fingers into the ballot-box, and "grapples" out the certificate, and puts in the ballot.

"You'd better hold on to your 'stificate, you may need it again," says a fellow African, as he comes near making the same mistake himself.

"No, you won't," says a sour-looking Union man, who was a Union man during the war, but now is so much of a Seymour man that he can't get a certificate; "no, you won't, for you are black enough to vote without it."

What's that loud talking about, down stairs? Maybe we are going to have a riot. Listen:

"I know it's so, I do," says a stout African, with stout lungs, well developed; "I know it's so."

"You know what's so?"

"Why, that a man was shipwrecked in de ocean, and swam fourteen thousand miles afore he got to land. I know it's so, 'cause the *New York Ledger* says so.

His auditor are convinced, and the dispute ceases.

At 8 o'clock the voting is about through with, and the negroes leave for their homes, singly and in groups. They manifest no desire, like their white brethren, to stay and hear the returns.

At 4 o'clock the polls close. The vote is counted, and stands: Grant 225, Seymour 4.

How They Speak in the English Parliament.

We extract the following from a recent number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, published in London:

"The *Times*, of Friday, gave up no less than thirty-five of its columns to the parliamentary debates of the previous night, and not a single speaker afterwards wrote to correct a syllable of the report. Yet the speakers themselves are frequently anything but perfect elocutionists. They speak sometimes with their backs to the gallery; they speak, many of them, in a low, slip shod and hesitating manner. Lord Derby, Lord Cairns and Lord Granville, as a rule, speak distinctly enough. You may hear every syllable they have to say: yet you must be apt with your pencil to take all you hear. But Lord Russell and Lord Grey hum and hah, hesitate and hang over every phrase, talk loosely and often inaudidly. Mr. Gladstone generally speaks apparently in a torrent and whirlwind of passion. Pale and haughty, he stands at the table and pours out a stream of thought and passion in long, sweeping sentences. His vehement spirit finds an apt echo in clear and musical enunciation. Mr. Disræli speaks in quieter tones; but every word is audible, and every sentence is perfect. Mr. Bright's masculine sense finds fitting expression in magnificent rhetoric. He has a powerful voice, and he uses it like a prima donna. He is, to my thinking, the most perfect and artistic speaker in the House of Commons. Sir Roundell Palmer and Mr. Coleridge speak in an easy, flowing and graceful style; and as they always keep the house at attention, you can hear all they have to say. But Mr. Lowe is the terror of the gallery. He is one of the ablest and cleverest men in Parliament; but as a speaker he is one of the most annoying. He speaks very fast, very indistinctly, and very irregularly. His articulation is chaotic. Sir Stafford Northcote has a fatal fault. He talks without stops of any description. His speeches are continuous streams of words. Lord Stanley is a bit of a bore; for though you may always reckon upon sound manly sense, you must strain your ears and puzzle your wits to interpret, sentence by sentence, what he is saying. His articulation is terribly disconcerting. It is zigzag and blurred. Mr. Stuart Mill has a weak, thin voice and a hesitating manner. Yet all these are men whose speeches on interesting occasions every paper thinks it a duty to give in the first person, and, as a rule the speeches of these men are given with striking verbal accuracy. Very often they read much more effectively in the papers the next morning than they sounded in St. Stephens the previous night."

"MISTER, your *sign* has fallen down!" cried a temperance man to a grogshop-keeper, before whose door a drunken man was prostrate. We do not know whether this temperance man was the same into whose store a customer reeled, exclaiming.

"Mr.——do you--keep—a-ny—thing good to take here?"

"Yes, we have excellent cold water the best thing in the world to take."

"Well, I know it," was the reply, "there is no one—thing—that's done so much for —navigation as that."

TRUE joy is a serene and sober emotion, and they are miserably out who take laughing for rejoicing.

WAIT.

Wait a moment, young man, before you throw that money down on the bar and demand a glass of brandy and water. Ask yourself if twenty-five cents cannot be better invested in something else. Put it back in your pocket, and give it to the little cripple who sells matches on the corner. Take our word for it, you will not be sorry.

Wait, madam—think twice before you buy that hundred dollar shawl! A hundred dollars is a great deal of money; one dollar is a great deal, when people once consider the amount of good it will accomplish in careful hands. Your husband's business is uncertain; there is a financial crisis close at hand. Who knows what that hundred dollars may be worth to you yet.

Wait, sir, before you buy that gaudy amethyst breast pin you are surveying so earnestly through the jeweler's plate glass windows. Keep your money for another piece of jewelry—a plain gold wedding ring made to fit a rosy finger that you wot of. A shirt neatly ironed, and stockings darned like lacework, are better than gilt brooches and flaming amethysts.—You can't afford to marry? You mean you can't afford to marry. Wait, and think the matter over.

Wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife don't get along with family cares and responsibilities, "as your mother did!" She is doing her best,—and no woman can endure that best to be slighted. Remember the nights she sat up with the little babe that died. Do you think she is made of cast iron? Wait, wait, in silence and, forbearance and the light will come back to her; yes, the light of the old days!

Wait, wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home faint, and weary, and 'out of sorts.' He has worked for you all day long; He has wrestled, hand to hand, with Care and Selfishness and Greed, and all the demons that follow in the train of money-making. Let home be another atmosphere entirely; let him feel that there is one place in the world where he can find peace and quiet, and perfect love!

Wait, sir, before you add a billiard room to your house' or buy that fast horse, wait until all chances and changes of life are duly provided for. Wait, and ask yourself how you would like, ten years from now, to see your fair wife struggling with poverty, your children shabby and want stricken, and yourself a miserable hanger on round corner groceries and one-horse gambling saloons. You think that is impossible; do you remember what Hazael said to the seer of old; "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?"

Wait, blue eyed lassie, wait awhile before you say "yes" to the dashing young fellow who says he can't live without you. Wait, until you have ascertained "for sure and for certain," as the children say, that the cigar and the wine-bottle and the card-table are not your rivals in his heart: a little delay won't hurt him, whatever he may say; just see if it will.

And wait, my friend in the brown mustache; don't connect yourself to Laura Matilda until you are sure she will be kind to your old mother, and gentle with your little sisters, and a true, loving wife to you, instead of a mean puppet, who lives on the breath of fashion and excitement, and regards the sunny side of Market streets as second only to Elysium! As a general thing, people are in too great a hurry in this world; we say, wait, wait.

Afraid in the Dark.

All day a little boy had gone singing and dancing through the house as light-hearted and happy as a bird; but, when night came, like many other children, he was afraid in the dark.

"Willy," said his mother, who sat sewing by the lamp, "go over to my room and get the needle-book that lies on my bureau."

But Willie did not stir.

"Go, my son," and his mother spoke in a firm voice.

"I'm afraid," said Willie.

"Afraid of what?"

"It is dark over there."

"What is the dark?" asked Willy's mother; "nothing but a shadow—see!" and she put her hand between the lamp and a small work-basket on the table. "Now it is dark in the basket, and now," removing her hand, "it is light. Look at this ball. We will call it the earth. On the side toward the lamp it is bright; but as I turn the ball, the bright, or daylight side, goes away from the lamp. It is in the shadow now, or in its night time. Just as I turn this ball, the earth on which we live keeps turning all the while. Now we are on the side away from the sun, or in the great shadow which the earth makes, in the same way that this ball makes a shadow when I hold it up before the lamp; and we say it is night. In the morning it will turn to the sun again and then it will be day. So you see that the dark is only a shadow, and I don't see anything in a shadow to make one afraid, do you? If any body should say that my Willy was afraid of a shadow, I hardly think he would feel complimented."

"Is that all, mother? Is the dark nothing but a shadow?" said Willy, a look of more confidence coming into his face.

"A simple shadow, and as harmless as this shadow which my hand throws on the work-basket, So run and get the needle-book."

Willy started at the word, and soon returned with it.

"You held your breath just a little," said his mother, as she kissed her boy.

"Only a little," he confessed; "but I don't care for the dark; it's only a shadow."

After that Willy went about in the dark as fearless as in the day time, for he knew that night was only the earth's shadow, and could do him no harm.—*Children's Hour.*

"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT NOSE?"

An "Over-the Rhine" Story.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

Snyder kept a beer saloon some years ago "over the Rhine." Snyder was a ponderous Teuton, of very irrascible temper—"sudden and quick in a quarrel"—get mad in a minute.—Nevertheless his saloon was a great resort for the boys—partly because of the excellence of his beer, and partly because they liked to chafe "old Snyder," as they called him; for, although his bark was terrific, experience had taught them he wouldn't bite.

One day Snyder was missing, and it was explained by his "frau," who "jerked" the beer that day, that he had "gone out fishing mit der boys." The next day, one of the boys who was particularly fond of "roasting" old Snyder dropped in to get a glass of beer, and discovered Snyder's nose, which was a big one at any time, swollen and blistered by the sun, until it looked like a dead ripe tomato.

"Why, Snyder, what is the matter with that nose?"

"I peen out fishing mit der boys," replied Snyder, laying his finger tenderly against his proboscis; "the sun it pese hot like as der tiful, unt I burns my nose. Nice nose, don't it?" And Snyder viewed it with a look of comical sadness in the little mirror at the back of his bar.

It entered at once into the head of the mischievous fellow in front of the bar, so he went out and collected half a dozen of his comrades, with whom he arranged that they should drop in at the saloon one after another, and ask Snyder, "What's the matter with that nose?" to see how long he would stand it.

The man who put up the job went in first with a companion, and seating themselves at a table, called for beer. Snyder brought it to them, and the new comer exclaimed, as he saw him: "Snyder, what's the matter with that nose?"

"I yust tell your frient here I peen out fishing mit der poys, unt the sun he purnt em. Zwi lager—den cents—all right."

Another boy rushes in. "Hallo, boys, you're ahead of me this time; 'pose I'm in, though. Here, Snyder, bring me a glass of lager and a pret—(appears to catch a sudden glimpse of Snyder's nose, looks wonderingly a moment, and then bursts out laughing)—ha! ha! ha! Why, Snyder—ha! ha! what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder, of course, can't see any fun having a burnt nose, or in having it laughed at, and he says, in a tone sternly emphatic:

"I've peen out fishing mit der poys, unt der sun yust so hot like ash der tiful, unt I purnt my nose; that ish all right."

Another tormentor comes in, and insists upon "setting 'em up" for the whole house. "Snyder," says he, "fill up the boys' glasses, and take a drink your—ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! Snyder, wha—ha! ha!—at's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder's brow darkens with wrath by this time, and his voice grows deeper and sterner—

"I peen out fishing mit der poys on der leettle Miami. Der sun pese hot like ash *hail*, unt I purnt my pugle.—Now that ish more vot I don't got to say. Vot gind of beesness? That ish all right. I purn my own nose, don't it?"

"Burn your nose—burn all the hair off your head, for what I care; you needn't get mad about it."

It was evident that Snyder wouldn't stand more than one more tweak at that nose, for he was tramping about behind the bar, and growling like an exasperated old bear in his cage.

Another of his tormentors walks in. Some one sings out to him, "Have a glass of beer, Billy?"

"Don't care about any beer," says Billy, "but, Snyder, you may give me one of your best ciga—Ha-a-a-a! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! he! he! he! he! ah-h-h-ha! ha! ha! ha! Why—why, Snyder—who—who—ha-a! ha! *what's the matter with that nose?*"

Snyder was absolutely fearful to behold by this time; his face was purple with rage, all except his nose, which glowed like a ball of fire. Leaning his ponderous figure far above the bar, and raising his arm aloft to emphasize his words with it, he fairly roared:

"I've peen out fishing mit ter poys. Der sun it pese hot like as *hail*-tamnation. I purnt my nose. Now, you no like dose nose, you yust take dose nose unt *wr-r-r-ring your tam American fingers mit 'em. Dat's der gind of a man vot I am!*"

And Snyder was right.

A Peck of Trouble.

A little darkey was recently found sitting on the stoop of a fashionable house not far from Harmar, crying pitifully. "What's de matter wid you!" asked a colored woman. "De matter's 'nuff—double trouble all over de house. Father am drunk—mudder has gone home wid close—sis broke de looking glass wid de broomstick—de baby got her eyes full of kyan pepper, and little Ned Authony put de mustard on his hair for goose grease. I put salt in my tea for white sugar, and it makes me sea-sick. De dog licked Ned's face and got his mouth full of mustard, and lies under de bed a howlin'. De kitten got her he'd in de milk-pot, and I cut her head off to sabe de pitcher, and den I hab to break de pitcher to get de head out, and de way I'll get licked when mudder comes home for setting de bed afire, will be sin."

THE VITAL PRINCIPLE.

DR. MEISSNER'S THEORY.

Dr. Meissner's discovery of the principle of life, which has lately caused so much discussion in the scientific circles of Europe, and which has given rise to so many curious speculations among *savans*, must be considered as undoubtedly the greatest discovery of modern times. We mean, of course, not merely in its bearings on the phenomena of production in the ordinary course of nature, for Dr. Meissner's startling assertion that he has, during the progress of his researches, succeeded in inanimate bodies, has been denied by no competent authority conversant with the facts in the case. It is somewhat singular that Mr. Crosse's production of the insects known to entomologists as the *acarus Crossi*, by means of electrical currents of extremely low tension, should not have been followed up by scientific men more diligently than it has hitherto been followed up, but the general outcry which met the "Vestiges of Creation" (in which the explicit account of Mrs. Crosse's experiments was first given to the world) may, in part, account for this apparent apathy. It is well known that Sir H. Davy thought that the principle of life was a gas, and it is now equally well known that the late lamented Professor Faraday, Davy's friend and pupil, was, for several years before his death, in correspondence with Dr. Meissner, of Berlin, in regard to this subject, and had, as now appears, no small share in the honor of the discovery which has been generally claimed for Dr. Meissner.

The *Memoir*, in which Dr. Meissner presented his views and gave an account of his experiments before the Berlin Academy of sciences is, with the exception of a somewhat obscure phraseology, which, however, arises, to a great extent, from the necessity of giving new names to new things, (the same thing that causes Kant's works to appear obscure), is nevertheless a great and even touching paper. Great, because of its matter; touching, because it is a history of years of patient study and devotion to an idea. In early life, Dr. Meissner, as he says, "wasted many years in the study of the metaphysics," and yet we cannot but see that in the metaphysics lay the germ of his recent investigations. It was there that he acquired that habit of patient thinking, and that willingness to follow his ideal even though it should lead him to conclusions utterly at variance with preconceived and firmly rooted opinions which would have resulted at last in the discovery of the principles of life, and the identification of it with *motion*, and have brought upon him all that clerical rage which has unrelentingly been showered on his devoted head.

The generally received doctrine of the correllation of forces by which it has been shown that heat is but a mode of motion, and that thinking is equally so, has, by Dr. Meissner, been further illustrated by showing that all life, and all the manifestations of life, will, love, the growth of plants and animals, nay, even that God himself, are but motion. Dr. Meissner's God is the great *anima mundi*, but not simply the metaphysical *anima*, but the actual *anima*, which can at will be extracted from matter and produced in the laboratory. Motion, it will be seen from this, Dr. Meissner claims, is not simply change of place among bodies, but an actual, tangible substance; and "change of place" is but the manifestation of its presence. Sir H. Davy, it will be remembered, claimed that the life principle was a gas; but Meissner has obtained the gas, and by means of powerful apparatus, compressed it into a solid form, as was long ago done with carbonic acid gas. As shown by Dr. Meissner to the Academy, during the reading ad explanation of his memoir, it was in a hollow glass globe about two feet in diameter, from which the atmospheric air had been, as far as possible, exhausted. Owing to the impossibility of completely withdrawing the air, its manifestations were to some extent impeded. It was in the form of a powder, which, when at rest, is white. But after sufficient air is withdrawn to enable it to assume its activity, the colors of it are those commonly seen in animal and vegetable life. The globe containing this powder was suspended from the wall by a fine silk cord, about five feet from the floor, so that it could readily be observed by the members of the Academy. Dr. Meissner, when he wished to call attention to it, removed a black silk cloth by which it was covered, and violently agitated the powder by shaking the globe with great force. When the powder had become chaotic in its forms, he allowed the globe to hang quietly from the ceiling, and requested the audience to view it closely, and see how this microcosm would reproduce, from the earliest times of the universe, the various changes which the microcosm has undergone. At first all was confusion, but soon the powder became brilliantly prismatic, and a tremulous motion pervaded the mass. A sudden scintillation of the exterior portions towards the center, representing, as Dr. Meissner said, the cosmical light. At the centre toward which the light had passed was then seen in rapid process of formation an intensely bright crystal, the earliest form of organic life, which was soon to become the central sun of this little universe.—The crystal began to revolve slowly and, as it was the only portion of the whole which had at all approached to a solid form, the particles of powder began to approach and unite themselves to it. In all directions the effect of attraction was seen, and like myriads of scintillating comets the atoms rushed toward their sun, until all had united themselves to it. And now this sun revolved with ever increasing rapidity, such as the centrifugal force overcame the centripetal, the ball in whirling threw off ring after ring of matter, and the rings breaking, formed planets revolving rythmatically around the central sun. Selecting the third planet from the minintrue sun, which represented the earth, Dr. Meissner provided the president of the Academy with a powerful magnifying glass, and requested him to examine this earth. It was its azoic age. Not a trace of life could be seen on the barren rocks, none in the lonely seas breaking unimpeded on the desolate shores. The palaeozoic age came on, and the eye could trace sea-weeds and the earliest vegetation, and so the astonished president went through the mesozoic era and onward, as life increased. Vast vegetable forms, mighty ferns tossing their giant arms in the gale, appeared.—Uncouth monsters crept over the land and swam in the seas. Convulsions rent the earth's crust, and hurried millions of animated beings to death. Time passed and men appeared, digging roots and ranging the forest.—Cities arose, and history—the story of human woe—was repeated on this mimic world. Rome rose and fell.—The countless hordes of India and the East raged and tore each other in mimic fight. The whole course of history was re-enacted. Even Berlin and its academy appeared, and was seen gazing at a glass globe suspended from a ceiling. How closely must the president have examined this! But, unable to endure the sight, as he saw himself in a moment struggling in the death agony, he relinquished the glass, and would look no longer. As it was growing too dark for further observation, the Academy adjourned, but the experiment has since been frequently repeated with the same result. Of the minor parts of Dr. Meissner's processes—such for instance, as his having obtained the emotions of the mind in the form of precipitates, as *amor patriae* in the form of a powder closely resembling gold, *amor virginis* as a white powder, resembling snow, *odium theologicum*, a black, stinking, pitchy mass, contaminating all who touch it—it is not necessary to speak at length. It is easy to see that an entire revolution in our philosophy of life will soon take place, the basis of which will be that heat, will, thought, life, are but modes of motion. That motion is a substance capable of producing an impression on our senses is evident, for it has long ago been settled by those who oppose the doctrine of inate ideas that we can have no knowledge of what does not appeal to and come through our senses, and we *do* know of motion, and it is also settled by Dr. Meissner's experiment.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—In a New Hampshire town there lived an ignorant, irreligious and worthless family, Ransom by name, no member of which had ever been inside of a church within the "memory of the oldest inhabitant." The village pastor, after years of failure, had almost persuaded two of the youngest scions to promise attendance; but the fear that they would be the subject of some personal remarks still deterred them. They were in great terror lest they should be publicly upbraided for their misdoings, and called to account for their wickedness. After much exertion, their fears were quieted, and on the following Sunday the eyes of the good pastor's congregation were astonished at the presence of the aforesaid Ransoms. All went well until the reading of the second hymn, which was the familiar "Blow ye the trumpet, blow," when at the end of the line, "Return, ye *ransom'd* sinners, home," the elder of our heroes seized his hat, and with long strides toward the door, shouted, "Come along home, Bill. I know'd they'd be flingin' at us if we came here."

Startling Discoverey at Bunker Hill, Illinois.

The Bunker Hill, Ill. Gazette states, in substance, that in a barn attached to a place where a tavern has been kept for years, in the vicinity of that town, the remains of three human beings have been found buried beneth the barn floor, and that the skeletons of five other men, supposed to have been murdered, have been discovered in the neighborhood of the same premises The inn keeper is suspected of having been engaged in robbery and murder for years. The Gazette says he has been arrested and is now imprisened, awaiting trial, bail having been refused.

THE French lunatic asylums contain over 30,000 patients, two-thirds of whom are believed to be perfectly sane, and confined only for various infamous reasons. Jules Favre has collected a number of facts in regard to the power of the Perfects to send any person to the lunatic asylum on the mere certificate of a police doctor. Among the most flagrant abuses is the custom to apply for a certificate of insanity against persons of whom their families want to get rid. A person once confined in a lunatic asylum in France is civilly dead; that is to say he can no longer apply to the courts for protection. His only hope of relief is an application to the Minister of the Interior, and as long as such men as Pinard are at the head of that department, there is no hope of a change for the better. Favre's revelations in regard to the abuses and crimes perpetrated at the lunatic asylums of France are anxiously expected, and are certain to create a great sensation.

HABIT uniformly and constantly strengthens all our active exertions.